

BUNBURY
HIGH SCHOOL

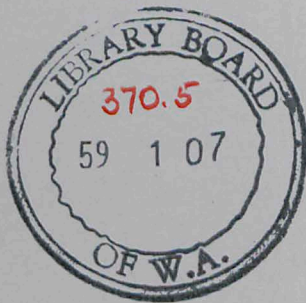


THE

KINGIA

DECEMBER, 1953.

CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS.



BUNBURY HIGH SCHOOL



1953

STUDENT OFFICIALS

1953

SCHOOL CAPTAIN

Don Walker

SENIOR GIRL

Miss J. Edwards.

SCHOOL PREFECTS

Miss G. Cain

J. Fleming

Miss M. Chapman

R. Graham

Miss J. Fenn

P. Maiden

Miss J. Harvey

J. O'Sullivan

Miss C. Mickle

R. Stanbury

Miss J. Terry

C. Woodrow



MAGAZINE STAFF

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Committee: Misses J. Ryan, A. Stewart, J. Stanbury.

Messrs. J. Cooper, N. McNess.

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Blue: Miss J. Terry, Barry Darnell.

Gold: Miss Y. Pegrum, Don Walker.

Red: Miss J. Fenn, Jim Rowberry.

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LIBRARIANS

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MAIL OFFICER

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Keith Davies, Michael Tomas.

SPORTS PREFECTS

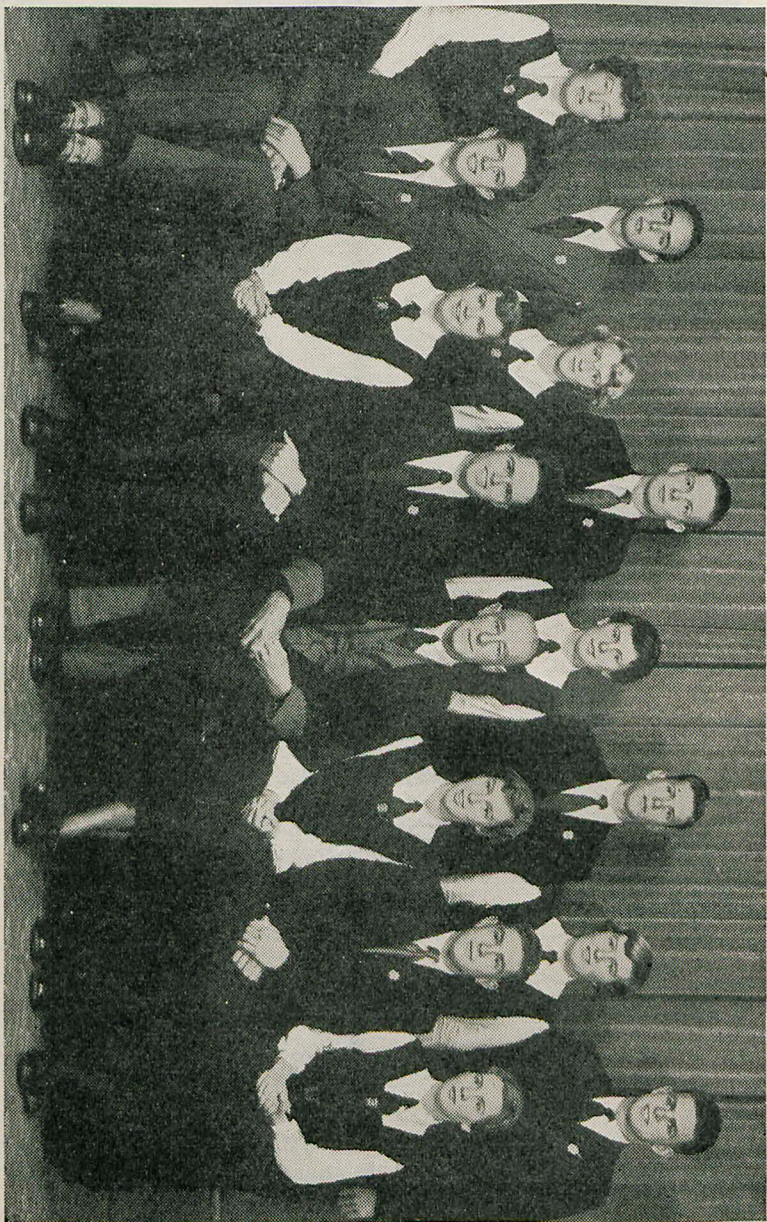
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Alex Murray, James Rowberry.

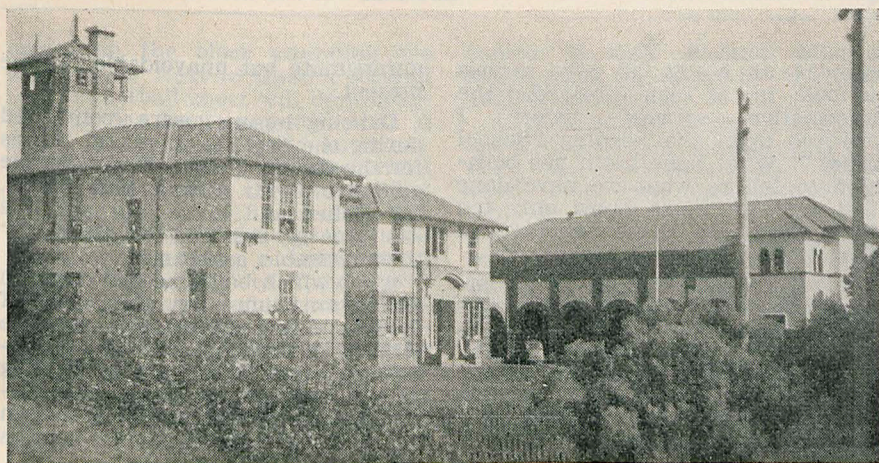
SPORTS RECORDER

J. Cooper.

SCHOOL PREFECTS 1953



BACK ROW: Margaret Chapman, Ross Stanbury, Colleen Mickle, Ross Graham, Joyce Fenn, John Fleming, Jane Terry, Colin Woodrow.
FRONT ROW: Peter Maiden, Gwendra Gain, Don Walker (School Captain), Mr. F. H. A. Johnson B. A., Dip. Ed. (Headmaster), Jennifer Edwards (Senior Girl), John O'Sullivan, Jan Harvey.



Bunbury High School

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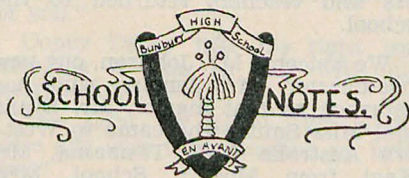
Editorial

During 1953 a new custom regarding the "Kingia" has been adopted. This, as you all know, is the optional purchase of the same. The census taken on purchasers had a rather disheartening result, but I am sure that in future years the rule will be accepted more strongly.

As a result of several early drawbacks there existed a certain amount of pessimism regarding the success of the magazine. Despite this I feel that it is far from a failure, and I take pleasure in thanking all those contributors upon whom the success of the "Kingia" depended.

In closing I desire to wish future editors' committees as arduous and unflinching as the one with which I have had the pleasure to work.

MURRAY HACK.



As the words imply, these are only notes on the activities in the school this year, but how necessary they are, no matter how humble their form, to a good school magazine. I believe that a school magazine intended to record life in the school actually loses its meaning when a "summary of events," as it were, is not included. For how can a magazine boast that a school "lived" when it says nothing of what it had to live for, and what made it live. I appreciate the fact that material of this nature is not as interesting as the exciting, "edifying"?, humorous, or just plain wet?—er—puerile articles which appear further in from the cover. I agree that this is definitely not the article to be first read. Indeed when I first bought a "Kingia" I had thoroughly devoured the humorous content and even

glanced at a bit of silly serious scribble, for as such I regarded the informative articles, before I chanced upon the heading "School Notes." What lame brain has bothered to tell us what we have done this year when we know only too well what we have done(?) I thought.

But I am not writing to be immediately read. The history of the school must be recorded and it is my privilege this year to be the school's historian. I am not writing to be the first read but rather to be the one whose writing will be read later on when readers are in a fit mood to accept it, or when as ex-students you would like a reminder of what went on in the school in 1953. Perhaps then one can realise just where he was worked into the pattern of the Bunbury High School in this year.

At the beginning of most years the first pleasant necessity is to become acquainted with the new staff members: 1953 is no exception in this respect, seeing many new teachers and teachers returned to the school.

We welcome Mr. Johnson, our new headmaster, Mr. Jenkins who has returned as first master, Mr. Evans and Miss Smith who came to Western Australia from Tasmania, Mr. Kagi from Modern School, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Ridders and Mr. Cohen who has returned. We hope they like our school and its students and remain here long.

It is obvious to all of us, and it must be a growing concern to all authorities, that the number of students at the school increases each year. It is unfortunate in regard that the school is tending to become overcrowded, but this must be accepted as inevitable. The two new pre-fabricated rooms erected last year are serving their purpose well to help overcome the shortage of class rooms. But we still lack school facilities when it comes to holding functions at the school. The gymnasium is far too small to hold all the students comfortably, so that dances must be held separately for upper and lower school. Assemblies in the gymnasium are crowded, as are end-of-term concerts. This is

unfortunate but unavoidable for the present.

Dancing lessons were conducted during the first and second terms for the benefit of students under the guidance of Mr. Evans, Miss Smith, Mr. Cohen and Miss Kudrnac. We are greatly indebted to them for their valuable assistance.

A job which badly needed doing in the gymnasium, for the sake of dances, if for nothing else, was the sanding of the floor. Mr. Best, contractor, came to our aid by lending us his sanding machine. Our sincere thanks go to him for, as we can all see, the surface of the floor is much improved.

Activities around the school are many, yet there is room for more. At the suggestion of Mr. Johnson, a school charity fund was formed at the beginning of the year and is functioning extremely well. The students raised one hundred pounds entirely from their own efforts in the first two terms. We sent fifty pounds to the Lady Lawley Cottage Fund and other sums to the Bunbury Spastic Centre and to the Bunbury Infant Health Centre. There is keen competition between factions to raise the highest amount. The thermometer chart drawn up to register the incoming funds attracts the interest of all, as each faction's total is observed steadily rising.

Much of the school fees this year has been spent in repairing the school book scheme with hundreds of new books to replace those damaged by careless students. If students would only take more care of the books they hire more money could be reserved from school fees for additional expenditure about the school.

Mr. Kagi is doing much to preserve books by taking strict care of lockers and seeing that they are kept tidy and remain shut. He has supplied each locker with a wire clip. The two locker prefects do a good job in repairing damage done to lockers. The prefect's pound which has again come into operation also reminds students to look after their books.

The one important goal which the school is striving after this year is the construction of two hard tennis

courts on the block adjoining the lower oval. Next to these a softball or a basketball court will be prepared. It has been suggested that it would be possible to build an Olympic swimming pool by the tennis courts, and in time there is nothing to stop the school achieving this aim. The machinery for this construction is basically a committee of students consisting of four representatives from each form whose aims are to urge the project, advertise the school's initiative and take receipt of any donations. Another is a concert being prepared for the end of the year by the students for public performance, for which we expect to show some profit. The Parents and Citizens' Association is also doing much to help the project by conducting street stalls and the like and generally advertising our aims.

The school gardener, Mr. Volwrath, is doing an excellent job in keeping the school grounds in a more beautiful state. The lawns in front of the school have been harrowed and top-dressed and treated in a way only an expert could do it. They are certainly looking more like lawns now. Trees have been planted and the gardens are receiving the full attention they need.

Mr. Volwrath is also painstakingly coaxing on the growth on the lower oval.

Sport plays no lesser part in school activities. The swimming carnival and the sports carnival were both outstanding successes. Thanks are especially due to Mr. Preston and Miss Taylor, the physical trainings instructors. The athletics carnival showed our champions and automatically chose those who will represent Bunbury High School in the South West Inter-schools Athletics Carnival. Congratulations to those who will carry our colours on that day. Football, hockey and basketball have their followers, and all teams have done well against South West schools, town teams and teams in the carnival held in Perth in August. Our special praise goes to the girls' hockey team who have done so well everywhere. Such has been our year's efforts and achievements; not a great deal, yet

enough to show students what is being done for them by the staff and all concerned.

A High School is not a place of drudgery and hard work, nor is it a place of everlasting play. After small things have been tackled and achieved greater things can eventuate. Much can be done by students as they receive education at a High School. And if students enter into school life in the right spirit they will surprise themselves with what they can do. By applying the thought behind the lines a poet has left us:

"He who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well,
Acts nobly;
Angels could do no more."

automatically we will recognise our motto and "Go Forward."

INCIDENT AT CADETS

"Squad, atten-shun! Lift up your left leg and hold it straight in front of you."

Dopey Davey lifts his right leg, bringing it side by side with his neighbour's left leg.

"Aw right, aw right! Who's the wise guy over there holding up both legs?"

"Ye Hovel,"

Bunbury.

The Analytical Department,
Bunbury High School.

Dear Sir,

At our place of abode (mentioned above) we do occasionally eat. There is one thing which has everyone puzzled. This mysterious substance (organic or inorganic) is of a yellow colour and practically invisible to the naked eye. It has no dimensions whatsoever. I'm enclosing a piece for analysis trusting your trained servants will be able to solve this ever-increasing mystery.

Yours faithfully,

W. OGG.

Bunbury High School,
Analytical Department.

Mr. W. Ogg,
"Ye Hovel."

After managing to thoroughly analyse (through powerful microscopes) your mysterious substance, we have concluded that it is an element by the name of "butter." It is a very rare element in such places of abode as "Ye Hovel" and its like. If enlarged it would be quite visible to the naked eye.

Trusting you are satisfied.

I remain,
PROF. ACME.



PREFECTS' NOTES

Having racked my brains for hours and hours trying to think of a sparkling, witty opening and having found the poor, overworked grey cells not up to it, lo—it just opens.

The purpose of these notes is to let the school know what the Prefects have been doing all the year, or at least a little of what they have been trying to do.

To begin with, the social side of life: We would like to note that the lower school this year have had the same number of socials as the upper school, which brings the situation back to what it was in the days when the gym. was big enough to hold both upper and lower schools. We hope the lower school appreciates this fact, and from the racket which proceeded from their socials we think

they do.

Another social aspect of our life is the Pres' tea. That interesting institution is what keeps us alive from month to month, and gives the wits among us (the whole 14) a chance to air their latest fiasco in the way of humour. We have to be kind, of course, so we all laugh uproariously without the faintest idea of what's funny—and usually nothing is.

To come back to a comparatively serious theme. This year has been quite a busy one, if you count study for that thing called the Leaving among our activities. We have tried to regulate the movements of the school a little, and although our efforts were rather spasmodic, I think we saved a few of the rooms from utter ruin. Many of the students could be much more helpful in this respect and stay out of a room once they have been asked. It seems that once is not enough to break through the solid ivory. It has to be hammered.

Another measure we revived this year is the Pound—and I scarcely think I need explain that. The same comment on ivory skulls unfortunately applies here also, and the long-suffering pound pre's are to be commended on their patience. One good point about it (as far as we're concerned, anyway) is the revenue it brings in—quite a steady income, thanks to the old incorrigibles who will keep letting their books stray.

As far as general discipline around the school goes, we feel that it has been of quite a high level. The girl pre's. are especially pleased to note the number of students in full uniform. This greatly adds to the tone of the school, especially after school hours in the town, and we hope things will continue this way. Then there is the hackneyed remark about the stairs. If the architect had meant you to go up them three at a time he would have built them much bigger than they are. Also, there are liable to be a few broken necks if people insist on coming down four at a time, and as spilt blood is very unsightly, we wish people would take them at a more sedate pace.

A final remark concerning the library would be in order, I think.

Please remember it is a place for study, and act accordingly. Before you turn to say something to your neighbour, have a look round to see if any fifth year is gnashing (his, her, take your pick) teeth over some hopelessly-involved problem, and then let your better nature come to the fore—don't say whatever it was you were going to.

To close, I would like to thank the staff for all the assistance they have given us this year, and especially Miss Burgess for all the help she has given the girls. We hope next year's pre's. will have as much fun as we have (though, just quietly, I don't think it's possible). Anyway, we wish them and the school the best of luck for the coming year.

SOCIAL NOTES

SOCIAL NOTES

As the 4th Years the delightful job of "Social Pres." fell upon us (like a guillotine). We were the envy of the female side of our form—exactly eight of them.

How proud we were!

How mistaken we were!

"Jan, was that another cup you just broke?"

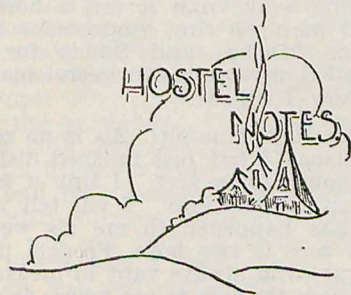
"Yes, Joan, dear, we had 151, and only needed 150, so I couldn't think of any other way to get rid of it."

During the term of office, we didn't have very much to do, but for the benefit of our successors we shall endeavour to list our assets and liabilities.

Assets: (1) A few periods off from school work; (2) The numerous and delightful left-overs to dispose of (not into the rubbish bin); (3) The thrill of entertaining lower and upper school hockey, basketball and football teams (especially the latter) and the pleasure of showing our skill at boiling water; (4) Great quantities of deliciously-cold lemon drinks to be consumed on Sports Day.

Liabilities: (1) The packing and unpacking of endless plates and saucers, until we look like mugs — er — cups; (2) The pleasure of facing cold, soapless water for washing up; (3) And the delight of almighty stacks of dirty dishes.

We feel that our success (?) this year was due to the boundless mathematical knowledge we had. It requires the help of many types of maths.



BOYS' HOSTEL NOTES

The space ship came to rest on a lush verdant lawn and out jumped a small Martian figure, Lt. Ogg, Space Spy of Martian War Enterprise Inc. Spitting fire with reckless abandon he adjusted his glasses and read a large notice which ran: "Craig House' Hostel for Boys."

"Her Her!", he chuckled, "Here must I vind accommodation for espionage vork!" and spitting fire with more reckless abandon he made his way through a dimly lit garrison to a room, above which he read "Matron's Office." In fiery speech he asked a group of frightened boys.

"Iz zer Herr Commandant in?" A sugar lipped lad answered for the rest: "Yes, the matron is in," and a small creature, probably a weasel, he supposed, warned him against seeking her.

He knocked on the door—"Come up" rang out a deep sonorous voice.

"Ivan cumming," said Ogg.

"Don't be cheeky," came a reply.

Five minutes later back came Ogg—he had his accommodation—but no longer did he breathe fire—he had a helpless look in his eyes.

Thus Lt. Ogg had accommodation on earth and now he could carry on

his espionage work. Let us trace his work on earth via his diary.

10th July: Hive decided to becum vrendly wit zer boys und zo gain zere confidence. I vant to vind ze zecret cracker veapon of one Guj; I tink he is an atom scientizt.

11th July: Och! der rotter. I haf discovered ze zecret veapon und can no longer zit down—it vas in my bed. Today zaw a vierd creature—it vas like a ztraw broom standing on its head. Zis, I learnt, iz a very fierce animal called a brush. I vas running away vrom it ven a horse-faced man vis tiny vindscreens zez to me "Dishes and Spuds for a week." I zink zis iz zum zecret place. Anyhow, I vill see.

17th July: Humph! Zis iz no zecret place. I haf just finished dishes and spudz for a veek. I tink it is a concentration camp. I vill tell you vat has happened to me zis week. First zere is two boys, Froggie und George, who always vant to measure zere earz for zem to see whose iz zer biggest. I zink Frogs is zer biggest by a small margin. Two of zer boys iz always going over zer zandhills to weed. Now I know why ze zandhills iz bare. Der sugar lipped vun, "Choc," iz always serenading me—I vill record hiz voice for use as a fog horn on my ship. I haf been in confidence vis a moon man—I vill learn much vrom him. Haf decided to trail Baz Darne. He cums in late at night und I tink he iz some spy.

18th July: Oh! Vot I haf seen! Dis Pam must be vunderful. Zer boys tell me zere iz a Mad Dog on zer prowl, und here cums ze three boys. Olly, Doughboy and Porky who always vant to laff at me und here cums zat red headed man who tells me I am ze 10th person und that boy vis zer shaven head who wants to tell me about guys mit fur coats, and zat vindscreened horse man who wants to put me on dishes. I am going to clear outd.

Zer Martian vrom Mars.

P.S.: Ze matron has giffen me a book as I leave, she must like me. Earth cannot be invaded.

SASHA IV.

GIRLS' HOSTEL NOTES

From the depths of the dining-room come the boom of the breakfast bell, and simultaneously from the depths of blankets come bedraggled females with hair in pins and cream on their faces. We are just settling down to a thrilling breakfast of hard toast, burnt jam and dish water, when moose-like yells — "Lemme aw-w-w-t."

This is heard from a certain person who has been locked in the bedroom by her angelic room-mates.

Let's introduce to you some of the inmates.

Our second year "drongoes" include Tilly, Eunice, Moorall, Wadge, Screw, Foureyes, Frix and Blue, who delight in annoying their esteemed elders by banging with a tennis ball on the wall half the night.

Some of the ape-like countenances no doubt seen around the school belong to our illustrious mob of first years. Some of the saner specimens are Joan, Maxine, Glenys and Rosemary. The "drips" are Weasel, Lexie, Larso, Chink (whom I believe has a crush on a certain first year class prefect) and Gillian.

We are particularly proud of our sleek "freak" "Spide" who bears a remarkable resemblance to Jerry Lervis. Salesy is unmistakable by her "Betty Grable" legs?

Our glamour girl, Busch, likes her men rugged—the Gregory Peck type. Rowbot, of course, likes the Harrassin' type. Issy drives us silly talking about her best boy friend.

Prof. Kagi (to Clan): If there are any clots amongst you, please stand up.

A long silence ensued and then a lone student stood up.

"What, do you consider yourself a clot?" said Prof. Kagi.

Fourth Year Student: Oh, no, sir, but I do hate to see you standing all by yourself.

KINGIA FACTION NOTES

BOYS

It is with pride that we Kingiates look back on another successful year of sports. As the points stand now we have 900, while our nearest rivals are Gold who are 170 behind us. Not bad considering the trouncing they gave us on Sports Day—congratulations Gold.

Though our athletes did not bring us fame we are very proud of our great team of swimmers, especially our swimming captain Lance Smith, who was runner-up to the champion. Congratulations to you, Lance, on a fine effort. J. Fleming, J. Lockley and M. Paddick also swam well for the boys. We think it was a great effort of ours to win all five relays, and our thanks must go to the females of our faction for their support.

On the other side of sport we have done fairly well in cricket, and really excelled ourselves on the footy field with such stalwarts (?) (stale-warts) as Fleming and Chapman to spur the side on. Les Duncan is a great captain, while Mike Klasztorny is the tower of strength in both games.

Before closing mention must be made of the forgetfulness of the "Kingia Klods." This small group of citizens (present in most companies) just cannot be made to remember that Friday is Charity Fund Day. As you undoubtedly noticed, these persons are absolutely loaded with wealth for the first four days of the week, but on Friday they roll along with empty pockets and put the blame on their own empty heads. Consequently Kingia is challenging Red for lowest place on the board, and it looks like we will soon hit a record low. Seriously, though, buck up boys and show the others just how generous we can be.

Having cheered and growled I must now close these writings, first of all wishing all our young members the best of luck in Sports Days to come.

KINGIA GIRLS' FACTION NOTES

Firstly, I must extend, on behalf of the faction, a sincere welcome to Miss Smith, who has been given the dubious honour of being our faction

mistress. Congratulations are due to the members of our faction who did so well in the swimming carnival. This year we did our full share and did not let the boys down. Especial praise is deserved by Norma Lloyd, who gained both Open and Junior Championships, and Jan Ryan, who was runner-up in the open.

Again we proved our versatility, by coming a good second in the Athletics Carnival. Mention must here be made of the excellent performances of our Lower School. They gave an exhibition well worth watching in all the team events, and easily ran out winners there, even breaking the record for the leader-ball event. However, Lynette Lloyd was the only girl to be placed in the championships. The Upper School teams also did well to win the corner spry, and come second in both the leap-frog and long passball, being narrowly defeated by Gold and Red factions respectively. I am still confident that next year Kingia will win both carnivals (nothing like hoping, I guess!).

Kingia was well represented in the teams which played in Perth in August, too. Congratulations are extended to all those who were selected.

The newly-introduced faction charity collection has aroused a fresh spirit of rivalry between the factions, and, I regret to admit, Kingia, though keeping pace with the others at present, is only in fourth place. Still, we hope to do better than this in future.

In closing, it only remains for me to wish next year's captain a successful year, and to thank all the girls for their wholehearted co-operation throughout the year, a fact which has made my last job in the faction a greater pleasure.

M.C.

UNCOURAGEOUS DAMSEL

With tears all streaming down her cheeks,

The guilty woman stands,

"I cannot do the deed," she cries,

The knife falls from her hands.

"Oh, but I must," she sadly cries,

And again, the knife she reels,

And with tears all streaming down her cheeks,

The onion she does peel.

Anonymous, IIB.

GOLD BOYS' FACTION NOTES

Again I find pleasure in boasting (and how!—Ed.) to the school, the abilities of the boys in the Gold Faction; their never-tiring efforts, and, as a result, their successes.

Gold, as a team, works well. Not only do we excel in athletics but also on the sports field we play our part. Results show consistently that Gold boys do not play half-heartedly when they are in competition. We have our wins on the football field. The fact that Gold is winning the faction charity collection is partly due to the boys' efforts. We showed our strength at the swimming carnival. But at the athletics none could beat us. The faction second to us had a total of more than 100 points lower than ours. The boys from Gold took three of the four championships, a truly remarkable performance. Our hearty congratulations are extended to these champions. Our boys also run extremely well in cross-country runs.

For the last few years Gold seems to have been at the peak of their abilities and it is hoped that the faction will retain its high standard. It is up to every one of us to do our utmost for the faction by entering into the real team spirit; not playing as individuals but considering the importance of one's efforts to the faction. Remember, only by playing as a team can a team hope to win.

GIRLS' FACTION NOTES

GOLD

Contrary to all the critics' predictions I have at last found time and energy enough to attempt to write faction notes of typical Gold standard. Well, I'll start off on the right foot and thank Miss Kudrnac and Miss Harsfall for their moral support—particularly the latter who was responsible for our scientific training for the passball events! At the beginning of the year the office bearers were elected. The results are as follows: Captain, Yvonne Pegrum; vice-captain, Joan Stanbury; athletics and swimming captain, Judith Paisley; hockey captain, Yvonne Pegrum; softball captain, Gwenda Cain; basketball captain,

Jen Edwards; recorder, Norma Stevens.

Gold has proved consistent throughout the year's sport and capped it off with a magnificent effort in the Athletic Carnival to win convincingly. Elaine Murray is to be congratulated on her victories in both junior and senior championships and also Colin Woodrow who won the senior boys' championship. All the other champions and runners-up are to be congratulated as well. The boys also put up a sterling performance in winning 3 of the 4 championships and several runners-up. I'm afraid our swimming carnival effort was not of the same standard as our athletics; however, I can assure you that we will be a threat to all would-be Boy Charlton's and Judy Joy Davies.

Gold has shown that none of her team lacks in generosity. A glance at the Charity Chart will prove that. As has been the case in recent years, Gold was once more well represented in the Inter-school Sports held in Perth in August. We must heartily congratulate the Girls' Hockey team for winning all their hockey matches in Perth and for bringing back to B.H.S. a magnificent trophy.

In conclusion I must say that the standard of sportsmanship throughout all the faction is particularly high and we hope that this will continue. Best of luck to all office bearers of all factions for next year—we hope you get the same enjoyment out of these competitions as we did.

RED BOYS' FACTION NOTES

Although lack of numbers prevented the faction from attaining a prominent position, we were not disgraced in our efforts. The faction itself was second in the swimming carnival, in which the boys broke one or two records. Congratulations must go to Tom "Pud" Green who was the Open Champion. We had Kingia frightened for a while, which is something to our credit.

Our cricket team this year was not as strong as in previous years but did well considering the small number of players who were interested. As you know a combined effort is what any faction requires to attain good results.

Someone remarked that the female side of the faction was not very good, but they did better than the boys in aiding Red to accommodate third place in the charity collection. I am sure that with a little more co-operation and determination on our part we could move to first position.

This year's Upper School football results were quite favourable at the beginning of the season but we failed to keep it up later on. This was due mainly to loss of players. Credit must go to the Lower School for their efforts in keeping up a good score.

Individual efforts on the part of the Junior boys proved a great help to the total points scored in the Athletics Carnival. All the Junior events except three were won by Red.

For his efforts on Sports Day, the Red faction captain, Jim Rowberry, deserves credit. He won the Junior Championship, which included a record, and also attained points in some open events. He scored more than one third of his faction's total on Sports Day, and surely was a real inspiration to the same. (Not written by himself.)

In concluding, I wish everyone luck in the public exam, especially the Red faction Junior boys, and hope that their success will bring them back to school to build up the morale of our famous (?—Ed.) faction, RED.

FACTION CAPTAIN.

GIRLS' FACTION NOTES

RED

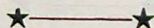
Before giving a few details of our sporting progress throughout the year I would like to thank all the girls for the co-operation and good sportsmanship they have shown.

Even if we didn't win either of the carnivals this year we can console ourselves with the fact that we were not at the bottom of the list either. At the Sports Carnival the girls put on a good show and Lorraine Connor and Freda Lilley ran away with the under 14 and 15 Championship, respectively. Leonie Hughes was runner-up to the under 15. Congratulations, girls. In the

team events we did quite well, succeeding in breaking a record for Upper School Long Passball — that proves that the effort of practising was worth our while, after all.

Congratulations go to Rosslyn Hanley, under 15 champion and Marg. Reed, runner-up to both under 15 and junior at the Swimming Carnival.

Best of luck for the coming years, Red. All you need to do is keep up the good work and you'll soon be on top.



BLUE BOYS

Although lacking in Vth Year Boys, Blue has put up a good show throughout the year. This shortage of players made the Upper school football team weak, but when combined teams were matched Blue had a few wins. The cricket team was also short of players, because of the other varied sports in summer, and we invariably lost games by one or two runs.

Throughout the year the II years have not lost any cricket or football matches, which is a credit to any team. The 1st year sport has been so varied that it cannot be calculated as to how good they are, although we think they are very talented. On sports day the Under 14 Relay team was composed mostly of 1st year boys, but they came first place, showing that there are some budding runners in 1st year.

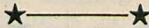
On Sports Day it was a fight by factions to gain second, third and fourth places; Gold being well ahead. Although Blue came last it was only by a few points. The most outstanding boys for us were, Doug. Baird (junior runner-up with — points), and Lloyd Scott (under 15 runner-up with — points. Their points totalled almost half of the Boys' points.

Blue was well represented in the "Redex" Reliability Trial" (cross country run) and finished with top points—mainly through a majority of runners. In the "Scenic Tour" run we came second—through shortage of runners—which was mainly due to the rough terrain traversed in the Reliability run, it having a bad effect on the Boys' morale.

Blue is coming second in the faction collections but needs a better response from all boys excepting the first year who have been the mainstays in helping us beat the Blue girls, and also of the holding of our present position.

Swimming Carnival—see Lyall Davies, please.

In closing we would like to congratulate Colin Woodrow on winning



BLUE GIRLS FACTION NOTES

Although we have not reached the top this year, I feel sure that Blue is on the road to recovery. We were by no means disgraced in the athletics carnival in September, because the factions Blue, Red and Kingia were only separated by a narrow margin of three or four points. Next year, with a bit of luck and a little more concentration on team events, we should run into one of the top placings; so good luck to the captain and her team.

Our most outstanding efforts on sports day were the relays in which both the boys and the girls shone. In the "A" grade we came a close second, and in the "B" grade an easy winner.

I am very pleased with the lower school, who are, of course, the ones who will soon represent Blue as upper school, and who have proved themselves strong and co-operative. I should like to thank Dolores Prior, Joan Brockman and Shirley Abdullah in particular, for the fine spirit of sportsmanship they have shown the team. They are an example to us all.

We had greater successes in the Swimming Carnival, and one record breaker in our midst. She was Riny Davidson who broke breaststroke records. Congratulations, Riny. Congratulations also to Jeanette Clifton, who was runner-up to the under 13 championship. Keep your chins up, Blues, we'll reach the top in the near future. Good luck for 1954.

DIAMONDS

The largest known uncut diamond in the world—the Vagras diamond, which weighs 726.60 carats—is being cut into 23 little diamonds ranging from five to 50 carats each.

In New York, where this delicate operation is taking place, the stone is valued at 700,000 dollars, and it is estimated that the small ones made out of it will be worth 2,000,000 dollars. The cutting, which began last April after experts had studied the stone for over a year, will take 15 months, and during it, about half the original diamond will vanish in dust.

The diamond was found by a farmer in Brazil three years ago, and is named after the President of Brazil. It is owned by H. Winston, a New York jewel merchant, who decided to have it cut up because there is no market for stones as big as it was.

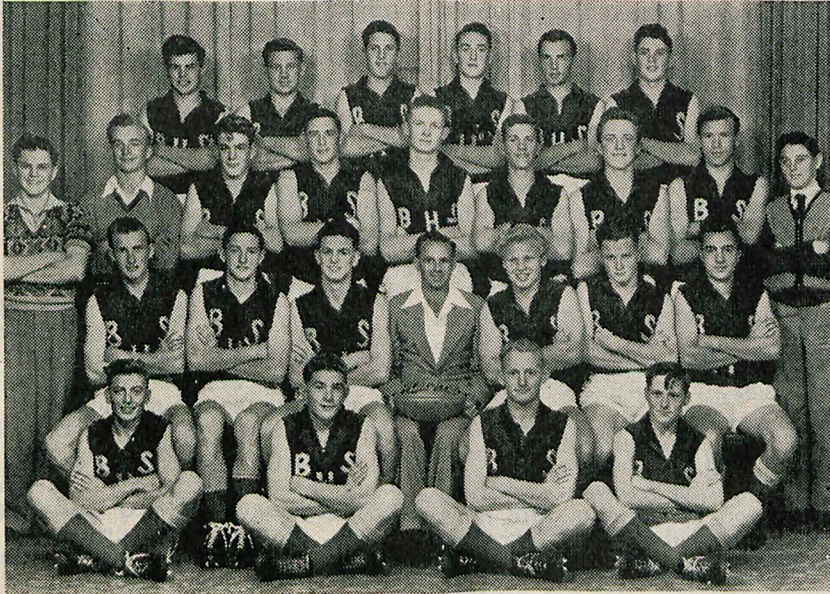


TENNIS CLUB NOTES

Early this year a committee of 20 students was selected with the idea of raising money for the purpose of building school tennis courts. From this committee an executive of six was elected. From the executive the following office bearers were elected: President, Jan Ryan; secretary, Don Stockins; treasurer, Barry Hardie; executive members, John Cooper and Geoff Brand.

Circular letters were sent out to ex-students requesting donations. Similar circulars were distributed among students at the end of the second term. Added to this, the activity of the P. and C. Association resulted in several donations.

As a result of these activities, a fair total has been reached to date. To enable work to commence a total of approximately £84 must be obtained, so it is evident that a little more effort is necessary to reach the desired amount.



FOOTBALL XVIII 1953

BACK ROW, L to R: R. Heal, R. Hitchcock, J. Rowberry, R. Cummins, M. Dawson, M. Cook.

STANDING: J. Young, A. Thomson, R. Barnes, B. Darnell, R. Graham, J. Fleming, T. Green, G. Teasdale, C. Abbott.

SITTING: A. Murray, L. Duncan, C. Woodrow (Capt.), Mr. T. Preston (coach), M. Klasztorny (V. Capt.), D. Mort, D. Musitano.

FRONT ROW: J. Cooper, J. O'Sullivan, R. Crabb, W. Fleay.

FOOTBALL CRITIQUE

Last term a football team was selected to represent the school in the High School Carnival in Perth. The team did well in gaining third position and it was unlucky to be beaten out of second place by Kent Street who had only 12 scoring shots to our 14. Our praise goes to Mr. Preston who proved a most efficient coach and who compiled the following critique for the benefit of the individual players.

Colin Woodrow (capt.): At centre half forward this player was an inspiration to the team and the mainstay of their attack. His judgment, speed and tenacity resulted in his being unbeaten throughout the carnival. Is a good stab pass but his disposal over distances is inclined to be erratic.

Mike Klasztorny (v.-capt.): Did not show up to great advantage at

the carnival due to an injury sustained on the first day. Has the ability to kick accurately with either foot, coupled with a sure pair of hands and excellent judgment. Needs to show more tenacity at times.

Colin Abbott: Gave valuable service to the team either as a rover or in the forward pocket, where he was always a danger to the opposition. Only small, he makes position well and dodges smartly, but should strive to develop more pace.

Ron Barnes: One of our most improved footballers. A very solid ruck man who combines well with his rovers and always keeps up with the play. Inclined to stray away from his position when resting.

Max Cook: This player must infuse more vigour and determination into his game. A good kick and mark, he is inclined to hang back too much, instead of going determinedly for the ball.

John Cooper: Played mostly on the wing. Disposes of the ball well but must show more dash and determination when trying to gain possession of it.

Bob Crabb: A player who shows plenty of dash and determination both in gaining possession and disposing of the ball. Kicks with either foot, is a sure mark and a good ground player. Could watch his man more closely.

Bob Cummins: A safe mark and a good kick but is very slow. Must develop more pace and improve his ground play.

Barry Darnell: The mainstay of our ruck. His knocking to and co-operation with the rovers was very good and he was always up with the play. A good kick and a safe mark whilst his ground play was excellent for a ruck man.

Mervyn Dawson: Has not developed as well as expected. Must show more speed, and needs to improve his handling of the ball.

Les Duncan: Hampered by injuries, this player still managed to show us that he will be a valuable asset to us next year. Kicks well with either foot, is a sure mark and makes position nicely.

Bill Fleay: A smart, quick-thinking rover who always keeps the ball in front of him. Handles the ball very well indeed but does not always dispose of it to advantage.

John Fleming: A player with plenty of dash who seemed much more at home in the back line than in the forwards where he played last year. Could show more determination when going for the ball.

Ross Graham: A stalwart in goals. A sure mark and a good kick. He was always a stumbling block to opposing forwards, to whom he allowed no latitude.

Tom Green: Played some excellent football on a half forward flank. A good position player, he is a sure mark and always disposes of the ball to advantage.

Bob Heal: Showed glimpses of ability this year but seemed unsure of himself most of the time, especi-

ally in his ground play. With experience he should overcome this as he has pace, determination and a good disposal.

Ron Hitchcock: The team's best utility man. Whatever role he was given he could be relied upon to carry it out capably. A rugged, hard-bumping type of footballer who shows plenty of dash and determination. Must improve his kicking.

Alex Murray: One of our best throughout the year. A fast, rugged type of back man, who always plays his opponent closely, his clearing dashes were well worth seeing. Would do well to steady up when clear and look for a lead farther down field.

Dom Musitano: Played solidly in a back pocket where his anticipation and judgment effected many timely saves. Inclined to turn back into trouble at times instead of clearing the ball well down field.

Don Mort: A player who shows promise and should benefit by his trip to Perth. Has plenty of dash but his marking and disposal are only fair. Must concentrate on improving these.

John O'Sullivan: Was never beaten on the wing throughout the carnival. Showed great determination and dash when going for the ball but needs to improve his disposal.

Jim Rowberry: Has played very well at full forward this year. Leads well, is a good ground player and a straight kick. Is inclined to lead out a little too far from the goal square with the result that he sacrifices accuracy to obtain distance when shooting for goals.

George Teasdale: A rugged type of footballer who shows plenty of dash. Has improved considerably this year but must concentrate on improving his kicking and marking both of which are unsure.

Alan Thompson: This player has a good disposal but must show more dash and determination when going for the ball.

John Young: Has improved during the year but still needs to concentrate on greater speed off the mark and surer handling of the ball, especially on the ground.

BOYS' HOCKEY CRITIQUE

The Hockey team began the season with a great lack of experience, but during the season it built itself up to a strong combination.

In the Association games we did well and there was not one of the teams in the "A" reserve that we could not defeat. In Perth again we did well but did not retain the cup. It was bad luck that we could not field our best team, but we were only beaten once and drew with Narrogin, winners of the Carnival.

On behalf of the team, I would like to thank Mr. Johnson, our coach, for the great interest he has taken in us, and the help and guidance which he never failed to give us.

We are proud to present our team as follows:

R. Graham (goalie). Has adapted himself well to this difficult position. Shows good anticipation and has a good clearing kick.

B. Darnell (right-full-back). Strongman of our defence. Has a good hard hit, tackles well and fits his position admirably.

E. Chapman (v.-capt., left-full-back). Another of our reliable back-line. Tackles well, is very fast but needs to take more care with some of his hitting.

P. Mack (centre-half). Pete fits his position well, always there when needed. Shows great stamina but could improve his hit.

A. Thomson (right-half). Due to an injury, did not play up to usual standard in Perth. Has a good hit and makes good moves, but needs to watch his obstruction.

D. Walker (left-half). Shows exceptional speed, great tenacity in tackling, but needs to improve his hit. Watches his wing well.

N. Meyers (left-wing). Tends to crowd his inner and needs to back up more in the circle. Has speed, good stickwork and has mastered this difficult position well.

N. McNess (left-inner). One of our second year players. Has a hard hit when in the circle but tends to hang out slightly. One of our most consistent goal-scorers.

B. Hardie (capt., centre-forward). Spearhead of our attack. Has good stickwork, experience and passes well to both sides. Lacks tenacity in his tackling at times. Our leading goal-scorer in Perth.

C. Woodrow (right-inner). Even though in his first year of the game, is our best forward. Has excellent stickwork and good speed, but is inclined to stray from his position at times.

J. Fleming (right-wing). Shows great speed and determination. Tends to take the ball down too far, needs to pass sooner. Played consistently throughout the year.

B. Woodrow (back). This player can be relied on to fill any position. Tackles very well, but should keep his stick down.

M. Wolfe (half-back). Lacks speed, but with more practice should develop into a good half-back.

J. O'Sullivan (half-back). Plays well, always follows through to advantage. Has good eye.

P. Maiden (forward). Played with us in Perth for the first time. Has a good hit and centres well.

HOCKEY NOTES

For the "A" grade, the opening matches of the 1953 season were a little disappointing until Miss Horsfall (in desperation) took a hand and gave us a few clues on the fundamentals.

As the season continued our teamwork and play on the whole, improved greatly—so much in fact that we reached the semi-finals in the local Association matches, but unfortunately we had to forfeit these.

The "B" grade team were also unlucky with their matches but with a little more experience and enthusiasm they should do quite well next year.

As team captain, I would like to congratulate the team on their enthusiasm, teamwork and co-operation, without which we could not have carried home so triumphantly the superintendent's trophy from Perth.

Once again, on behalf of the team I would like to convey sincere thanks to Miss Horsfall for her patience and perseverance in coaching us.

J. PAISLEY.



HOCKEY XI 1953

BACK ROW: A. Thompson, J. Fleming, B. Darnell, C. Woodrow, P. Mack, R. Woolf, J. O'Sullivan.

MIDDLE ROW: P. Maiden, R. Woodrow, K. Chapman (V. Capt.), R. Graham, B. Hardie (Capt.), D. Walker, Mrs. J. Johnson (coach).

FRONT ROW: N. McNess, N. Meyers.

GIRLS' HOCKEY CRITIQUE

Judith Paisley (capt.): A very speedy right wing who by her play, encouragement and advice set a high standard for her team-mates. Most of her games are almost excellent.

Yvonne Pegrum (vice-capt.): Left inner. The goal scorer of the team. An experienced and versatile player. Accurate goal-scorer from all angles. Her main fault—inclined to keep the ball to herself.

Pauline Webster: Right half back. A most reliable and unselfish player. Good stop and hit. Tackles well, and keeps tackling until she is in possession of the ball. Fed forwards consistently.

Audrey Beers: Centre half back. Also a very reliable player. Follows the ball continuously. A good, strong hit and stop make her a valuable asset to the team. When in an advantageous position makes no mistake about scoring goals.

Jill Boon: Right inner. A capable forward. Scores on occasions some very pretty goals, but on the whole is inaccurate, also very rough.

Mavis Evans: Left wing. In a difficult position acquits herself quite well. Needs to develop her hit and her ability to score angle shots.

Anne Stewart: Left half. Another reliable player. Stops and hits well. Falls back into position when opponents attack.

Roslyn Hanley: Right full back. Plays an excellent defence. Good stop and hit while her passing shots are cleverly contrived. Tackles well.

Jane Terry: Left full back. Changed from goalie this season and has done very well in this position. Needs to get back quicker. With the right back and the half backs provided an almost impenetrable defence.

Lena Barr: Centre forward. A most unselfish and conscientious player.



GIRLS HOCKEY TEAM

BACK ROW: Rosalind Hanley, Mavis Evans, Audrey Beers, Jane Terry.

SECOND ROW: Anne Stewart, Pauline Webster, Judith Paisley (Captain), Miss E. Horsfall (coach), Jill Boon, Beryl Cain, Joyce Fenn.

IN FRONT: Lena Barr, Yvonne Pegrum (V. Capt.)

Passes well and hits strongly. Is inclined to crowd the inners leaving herself in an ineffectual position. Played extremely well in Perth.

Beryl Cain: Goalie. Has played a steady game throughout the season. Needs to come out more when forwards reach goal circle.

Joyce Fenn: Left half. Played a consistent game throughout the season. A harder clearing hit would be to advantage.

J. Edwards (capt.), defence wing: An enthusiastic and efficient captain. Would do better with more speed and anticipation of goal circle moves.

J. Harvey (vice-capt.) defence wing: An able and reliable wing, but is inclined to throw without thinking.

P. McAuliffe (ass. defence goalie): A steady player who is rather out of position in defence, plays well in attack. Jumps well.

E. Murray (goalie): A very accurate goalie who dodges well. Is inclined to fumble fast or low catches, but jumps well for high ones.

P. Birnie (ass. goalie): A fast accurate player who plays any position with equal skill. Is inclined to be a little inaccurate as far as goal throwing is concerned.

M. Coffee (attack wing): The most improved player this year. Plays a fast open game, should try not to get worried when she misses a move.

BASKETBALL CRITIQUE

Though the results of this year's inter-school carnival were a little disappointing, the High School A team acquitted itself quite well in the Bunbury Association matches, especially when it is remembered that the team is almost entirely a new one. I would like to thank Mr. Horne for his able coaching, and his patience with the team.

C. Parker (centre): A very reliable centre, who plays her position well. Is always in the right place for sideline moves.

C. Gibson (ass. defence goalie): A steady player who jumps well. Should try not to bat the ball.

THE COUNTRY

The country with its sky so blue,
It's fresh and fragrant flowers,
Brings memories so old to you

In the city's long and dreary
hours.

All day long the sun shines bright
But the city has a weary light,

The moon shines bright all through
the night,

And the stars in the heavens
twinkle bright.

The animals both large and small
Friskly come to drink and play,

The golden wheat so sweet and tall
Gently in the breeze does sway.

Does the city have these splendours?
No! Only the country does:

The city may have sky suspendors,
But the country alone has its love.

The city has its beautiful shops:
These mean less to me than rug-
ged hill tops.

And they can have their gaudy
dresses

For the country loves its riding
togs.

And the country's beautiful trees,
So tall, and green, and slender

Intermingle with perfection

With the bush flowers, sweet and
tender.

WORDSWORTH II.

KOOKABURRA

There's a laugh loud and long in the
morning

Atop of the old gnarled gum,
When the first ray of daylight is
dawning

This lay of the bushland must come.
Ho, Ho and He, He! It is brimful of
glee

How it takes all my troubles away.
Magic melody strong, it chuckles its
song,

In welcome to each new-born day.



SPORTS NOTES

At one stage it appeared as though these notes would never be written but, as we did not want to deprive you of any such important notes, we at last managed to write these few lines and hope that they will not bore you too much.

You may think that the life of a sports prefect is one of ease, but when we tell you that it involves fetching and carrying softballs, softball bats, cricket bats and hockey sticks and pumping up (seemingly dozens of) basketballs and footballs each week, you may change your opinion. Of course this is only our every-day routine. When such outstanding events as swimming carnivals and sports days come along, there are even more jobs for us to do towards their preparation. However, don't think that we are grumbling, we are only trying to impress you with our industriousness. We have really enjoyed our job and have done our very best to try and keep track of and preserve the sports equipment.

The sports chart which has been started this year has proved very successful and we have found pleasure in recording the faction marks and noting the interest it causes and the keen rivalry which has sprung up between the factions for the top positions.

In the sporting field itself, we would like to congratulate all those who have distinguished themselves in this year's athletics and swimming carnivals. Congratulations also to those who represented us in Perth in August; especially the hockey girls who proved themselves unbeatable.

Wishing the next year's sports pre's. the best of luck, and the ability to come up to our standard (ahem!) we will now conclude these notes from the sports shed.

DUMBELL

Moved into the city because he heard the country was at war.

Cut off his fingers so he could play the piano by ear.

Took liquor to bed so he could sleep tight.

So modest that he shut himself in his bedroom to change his mind.

Ran round the top of a Weetie box because it said tear round here.

Sat at a busy intersection with a slice of bread waiting for a traffic jam.

Took the lift and his mother made him take it back.

Went into the living room because he thought he was going to die.

Knitted his son in the army three socks because he said he'd grown another foot.

Turned out the light in the car because he was going to strip the gears.

Saluted the refrigerator because someone told him it was a General Electric.

Took hay to bed with him to feed his nightmare.

Backed off the bus because he heard that someone was going to pinch his seat.

Killed his father and mother so that he could go to the orphan's picnic.

Took a ruler to bed to see how long he slept.

Died with his boots on because he didn't want to hurt his toe when he kicked the bucket.

Put his nose out the window so the wind could blow it.

Thought he was a magician so he went round the corner and turned into a drugstore.

Put the clock under the bed so he could get up on time.

Called his girl "Postscript" because her name was really Adeline (Add-a-line).

Would not ride on top of a double decker bus because there was no driver there.

Was locked out of the house so he ran round it until he was all in.

Wanted to make his pants last so he made his shirt first.

Took milk and sugar to the movies because he heard they were having a serial.

Put iodine on his pay cheque because he got a cut in salary.

Went to the football match because he thought that a half-back was a refund.

Took an alarm clock to bed with him because he heard it was fast.

Would not pay his fare on the bus because his name was Crime and crime does not pay.

Stayed up all night studying for a blood test.

Took whisky up on the roof to have a drink on the house.

Would not go out with his wife because he heard she was married.

Wore two pairs of socks when he played golf because he was afraid that he would get a hole in one.

Put barbed wire round his ankle to keep calf away from his corn.

Put his head on the blotter to hear the "Inkspots."

Blew out his brains so he could learn things by heart.

HARVEY BUS NOTES

Promptly at 4.30 every afternoon a cloud of dust appears over the Rathmines horizon. Fond mothers clutch squalling brats to protective bosoms, brave fathers forget their corpulence and gouty legs and clear the numerous cats, dogs, little boys and other animals out of the street.

In the centre of the cloud of dust is a battered, bulging buggy filled with squealing, squawking, squashed kids. (All English masters please note alliteration.) At the wheel crouches a raving maniac, his eyes glued to the road in case he misses a

pot hole or neglects to cut a corner.

We approach Collie Bridge. A tension grips the kids. Even Tom and Gerry stop talk. Yes! We're in luck! There's a car coming over! Wow! We got him! Mr. Cooper turns. "Remind me to scrape the driver off the radiator, will you?"

Simmering gently throughout all this, is "Stew" (cousin to Irish). Next to her is the Dean (red of course) making polite (?) conversation with Lindsay and Dom (senior) our glamour boys (and don't they know it!).

Diane Killy practices her physiotherapy on "Toot" to the accompaniment of grunts, groans and similar ejaculations. Heather, Wendy and Winifred seem to find much satisfaction in the "1606's" and "British History's" which they carry around with them, along with an intent expression. Gloria and Wendy seem very wrapped up in our (two pellet pitchers) Geoff and Johnnie. Marmie and Ted our only quiet types, listen patiently to Billy and his wet jokes.

By the way. Don't tease Minnie about her "True Romance" comics. She has to get her romance some-way! Not so Lillian. I believe he's quite a "Stubby" chap. Lack of stature is no drawback to "Freak" however. He seems to make some progress with our "Scandal rag" fiend, Doreen.

Janice, "Simble" and Judy are our lady like!?? three. Never make a sound. (Forgive the lie.)

We were sorry to hear that Margaret Albury was in hospital. Get well smartly, Marg, and come back to liven up the bus again soon. While on the subject of livening up buses, we must mention Little Dom. With his cute little antics and sayings he manages to keep even the sourest of us smiling.

There remains only our weekly incidental passengers, who, twice a make our lives a misery. There is Yvonne, a demure "Maiden, who has a perpetually "(T)ichy" ear, and Gerry about whom the old proverb "Lest said soonest mended" applies.



GIRLS BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: Elaine Murray, Pat McAuliffe, Pearl Birnie.
SECOND ROW: Jan Harvey, Margaret Coffee, Miss G. Taylor (Sports Mistress), Jennifer Edwards (Capt.), Cecile Parker.

DID YOU KNOW

The Australian flag was designed by a 14-year-old Melbourne school-boy, Ivor Evans. He won the competition organised by the Federal Government and judged by representatives of the Army, Navy, Mercantile Marine, Pilot Services and Parliament. There were 30,000 entries.

Australia has adapted the emu and the kangaroo as emblems for her fighting forces because both are unable to go backwards. The emu cannot go into reverse because it has no toe at the back for support; its three toes point ahead fanwise.

Ski-ing was a sport in Australia 50 years before Switzerland heard of it. In 1800, Kiandra, N.S.W., was the scene of a gold rush. It was thought that the snow in winter would force the thousands of miners from the district. A Norwegian miner solved the problem. He appeared one day with a pair of boards strapped to his feet, and was able to move more freely and swiftly, where others plunged and staggered. Within a few hours, the local churchyard had lost every paling from its fences, and Kiandra had become ski-minded. In 1861 the Kiandra Ski Club was formed, only one year after the world's first ski club was established in Norway.

●

MACHINE OF THE FUTURE (VERY DISTANT)

Early this year, we were informed by a certain member of the staff that a machine was to be installed in the northern end of the woodwork shed. This incredible machine (so one of our friends told us) was to saw, plane, sandpaper and polish a piece of rough jarrah and, believe it or not, blow the operator's nose at the same time.

Upon being asked if there were any more questions, we queried him as to how the machine worked. After a pause in which we were all summoned around the blackboard, he

told us that the machine was very simple to operate.

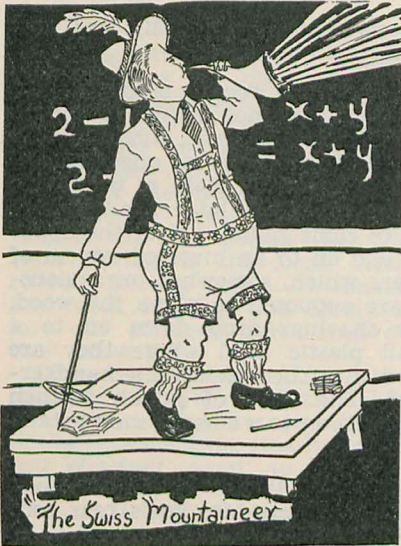
The piece of wood is crammed into a metal box, not unlike a square washing machine, and, with a steady overhand grip (three, one thumb), the button on the right of the box is pressed. Seconds later the wood is due to come rolling out of the opposite end on to an involved system of rollers which, somewhat miraculously, are supposed to plane the wood. The shavings drop down on to a small plastic bowl where they are glued into the shape of a handkerchief. The piece of jarrah is then conveyed on to a smooth metal stand by a belt.

(Probably the same type of belt which connects Mr. Fox's rear axle to his engine.)

Here it touches a small switch which, in its turn, pushes out a large metal hand surmounted on a large iron feeler. This hand picks up the aforementioned handkerchief and continues on, by radar, to the operator's nose. The handkerchief wraps around the nose, while one of the fingers scratches the back of the head. Immediately a four-foot length of four by four, hinged at one end strikes the operator's chest with tremendous force. This decreases the volume of the chest cavity and increases the pressure. Hence a gust of air rumbles through the nose and clears it. By now the jarrah has passed beyond the sandpaper and enters the polisher. Here it is quickly polished by a system of brushes (preferably D type, Graham brand) and emerges as a masterpiece of woodcraft.

Unfortunately, the machine is still in the making, and so we have to kill time by repairing broken mallets and the like until it arrives.

IV BOYS.



APPLIED QUOTATIONS

Frailty, thy name is women
A.M., 4th Y.

"Ya know."
Password of the library.
He stoops to 'konker.'

Gravo.
"Nay, gentlemen (??) prepare not
to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet
toward."

Pres'. Tea.
"Do you not know I am a woman?
When I think, I must speak."
Christine Dennis.

He is simply the rarest man i' the
world.

Mr. K.
He is the Napoleon of crime.
Clockface.

Full large he was and eck of bone.
Johnson, Jnr.

Sir, Sir, be patient.
IV Y. Eng. Assign.

If the room's good enough to use
it's good enough to clean up.

Woodwork.

And lo there never was such a race.
Staff v. Students.

The colours were varied and odours
many.

Chem. Lab.

Are not Morrises great cars?

Guess Who.

A shower of sand, a muttered curse.

Markers at Cadet Shoots.

Much ado about nothing.

Cadets.

PLAYING DUCKS AND DRAKES

One Saturday morning, I decided to go bird-watching. I arrived down at the river-bridge and sat there on my bicycle. About eight or nine yards away, a musk-drake dived deeply, and popped up again about six feet from me. He turned slowly, saw me watching him, let out a loud squawk, and paddled hastily away, using his wings as paddles. This is a habit of the musk-drakes—the ducks prefer to fly.

I got off my hobby-horse and went down the bank, watching two musk-drakes on the water. A musk-drake is a peculiar bird, as he has a leathery pouch under his bill. An old drake will lay on the water and amuse himself by flicking water back with his feet, twitching his tail, inflating his bill-pouch, at the same time letting out a loud "quooing!"

After an argument with a small mob of steers about who should have right-of-way, I proceeded along the path. A little farther on, there was a series of splashings and a duck with half-a-dozen youngsters paddled past on the back-water on my right. I spent a while searching for her nest. This was amongst some rushes under a low tree and was completely roofed over with grass. The nest had a little beach all of its own which was cut off from the rest of the shelving bank by the roots of the tree. The duck had made her home about 15 inches from the water.



1A FORM NOTES

Well, here's IA's contribution to the popular and far-famed Kingia, over which even Grandma, to say nothing of Mum and Dad, permits herself a giggle now and then.

Actually our form is rather (un) lucky, since we have four redheads. "Tubby" Giles is a well-known idiot (excusez-moi, Tubby) and we have our share also of "brainstorms," such as Freda, Don and even poor old Dorothy (more commonly known as Dotty), to say nothing of a poor April fool, a rather moonstruck dumb-Belle.

As far as favourite subjects go, we haven't any for most of us uphold that lessons are the most boring part of a school week. If you don't believe us, ask our teachers who have been visibly turning grey during the last two terms.

Our biggest headache is Simon, who we guarantee, has turned Mr. Goulding's hair white, with such questions as "Why doesn't the earth crash into the sun? etc., etc."

I think IA has been almost scoured, but a mention must be made of our two "corner bookworms" Michael and Margaret.

Before we close, we would like to wish the very best upon the Junior and Leaving students in their fast-approaching examinations.

IB FORM NOTES

We, IB, are as all the Mistresses and Masters know, an adorable form (???)

Our prefects are Diane and John who by now have given up the im-

possible task of trying to keep us all quiet. Like all classes, we have one of those brainy specimens (?) who immediately becomes called Professor. He is the great (ahem) R. J. Coles and his favourite occupation appears to be composing music. We believe his method is unique as it involves tapping weird tunes on the desk with pens, pencils or any other object he can lay hands on. We also have our share of pea shooters. The chief of these are Bob, Duchy, Willy, Jim, Lloyd and Simms.

Three of our girls come from the (rowdy) Girls' Hostel. They are—Chappo, Pat and Salesy. Mossy is the most brainy person in our form. Bernard and Brian are the clever boys and our talkative girls are Barb, Bev, Judy, Elsie and Marg.

Everyone of us wishes Mr. Evans good luck in his underwater excursions, and we wish to say that we are all trying hard to roll our rrr's in La Francais.

Wishing the Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck and joyus examination results we will now say "Good-bye until we meet again." ("Star Dust" Music).

ID FORM NOTES

This is ID (the form with the worst reputation). Gene, the "Hot Rod," gave me some ideas to write about, but we can't trust him because his mind wanders. Our prefects, Lena and Dominic, have a hard time quietening the unruly mob. We have an exceptionally rowdy class this year. There are a few laughers, a couple of jokers, (some) hard workers, a few tough guys and a nutcracker gang led by (would you believe it?), Mr. Graveyall, er, pardon me—Mr. Gravenall.

Our hard worker is Fletcher. He worked so hard one day that he was sent to the library. Our glamour girl is Ethne. I'm sure she must have had the Palmolive Beauty Plan. It failed to beautify in her case!

There's never a din in ID (much!!) until our giggler, Rita, puts up her hand and says: "Please, sir, Maureen has a goanna's tail down her back."

"Make her lie on it," suggests Howard. In this he is supported by Little Ernie Lionheart . . . excuse me, Leonhardt. Squita often sends a wolf call to Gwen (the hair stylist), who answers with a cat call if the teacher isn't watching. Our muscular specimen is, perhaps, Wilson, who reckons he can break a piece of iron in a bar breaker (but who can't?).

Owen, Veale (veal) and Whatman (what-a-man), together with Brinkworth, make up the heels . . . pardon, soles, er, souls of the class. Other members of the form of the weaker sex are Judy and Sylvia. Kimpton, Pearson and Shaw are also members of our happy fraternity.

Words fail me, so that until next year the (n) ever silent form ID bid you "au revoir."

IIA FORM NOTES

On entering the sacred precincts of IIA, one is greeted by busily working students behind the steel monstrosities they call desks. They are trying over zealously to write form notes. This poem below was chosen to represent our excellent class.

- A is for IIA the name of our class.
- B is for Barry who always comes last.
- C is for Cumming a war weary lad.
- D is for Davenport who won't ever be had.
- E is for Elliot, chief of the girls.
- F is friend Rosalie with a great mop of curls.
- G is for Getley who is lanky and lean.
- H is for Hornibrook, a lad who will dream.
- I is for Ian from the family of Hurst.
- J is for John with whom we are cursed.
- K is for Kevin and Keith Dawson, too.
- L is for Lance our best bet for the zoo.
- M is for Marlene up the back of the class.
- N is for nought for we never do pass.

O is for O'Connell who treats us like dirt.

P is for Percival, a mighty big flirt.

Q is for query, at that we excel.

R is for Ray who's as cracked as a bell.

S is for the Smiths, Rodney and Ross.

T is for Theo who ain't at a loss.

U is for Underwood who ought to be shot.

V is a person we haven't yet got.

W is for Watterson who may go far.

X is for "x" ellent for that's what we are.

Y is you and maybe me, too.

Z is for zeal for the work that we do.

After that excellent summary on IIA we will close by wishing (only because our turn is coming) all Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck in their coming examination. (How gruelling.)

IIB FORM NOTES

Well, folks, here we are again in the shape of IIB (Miss Leahy's favourite class). The brains of the class belong to old Goo-face Stathy who usually manages to arrive at school at the beginning of second period and consequently gets !!! marks in the history exams. Old Sully, way up in the back corner, away from the teachers' eye (he thinks) finds quite a lot to amuse him, especially in English periods, his main assistants being Ranny, Chink, Jessie, Adams and Sutherland, not forgetting our stunning redhead Woodrow. Scott generally manages to make a few wise cracks each period and has been dangerously threatened to have to sit at the front near our becoming young females! We mustn't leave out Breezy Gale who spends his spare time knitting "useful" things. Black Mac has great capacities for general knowledge which he usually ushers forth during history and Gardener is one of those chaps who indulges

in talking to the girls. Amongst the boys we also have Fishy, Gibbs, Hall, Willy, Wolf and Washout, but the less said about them the better. Hockley is our greatest genius and Muddy Paddick is our friend who takes life too seriously!?

We have a few rareties in the girls, too. There are the three old "Poms"—Barb, Joan and Janet. Riny, our newcomer from Holland, is better than any of us at English. Jeanne spends most of her time solemnly regarding her work, and our giggling specialities are Heather, Winnie and Shirley. Suicide is another brainy piece, but Ulcers makes up for that. Mary, our quiet girl, seems to forget all the noise in the room and settles down without a word.

Well, I think we'd better leave it at that or your impression of our form won't be the best. Here's saying cheerio until next year, wishing all Leaving and Junior candidates the best of luck in the oncoming exams.

IID FORM NOTES

This is IID coming forward once again. We are renowned for being the rowdiest class in B.H.S. (so we're told). Our hideout is situated at the end of the West wing (out of trouble). Leonhardt and Hill take a great delight in annoying the teachers.

Mrs. Teede, our bookkeeping teacher, endeavours to teach us a bit of elementary bookkeeping. Although she tries hard, she doesn't meet with much success.

Sitting up the back are the "Ostel Errors." At regular periods they attack Keithie (probably hunger has driven them to cannibalism).

Gary and Cecile, our beloved prefects (???) , have a hard job endeavouring to silence our ever-moving tongues.

Isla and Cecile are always giggling or gossiping about some unfortunate male specie.

John and Bob (bird enthusiasts) are forever arguing which is the best pigeon in the school.

Randolph, a new student to our class last term, has made quite a hit with the feline section.

The Angel of the class was Isla who escaped because she thought she had seen enough of school.

On closing we wish all the Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck in the forthcoming exams.

2E FORM NOTES

This is 2E calling and what a fine class we are. Ask Miss Leahy. Well, first of all I will introduce some of our members. The comedian of the class is "Shorty" Hughes, always pulling faces at somebody. Then there's "Spider" Meyer, our soprano, who is always crooning over some poor fellow. We mustn't forget "Icky" Piggott and "Marsy" Elms. "Icky" is thrilled about a third year (I wonder who?). "Marsy" is always eyeing "Birdbrain" Brinkworth—I wonder why?

The glamour boys of the class are Tom and Kwali. Don't worry, girls, no chance. Cyril is after a first year girl by the name of Shirley. Her surname? Anyhow he always rustles leaves to attract her attention (hint). Then the clever ones, Jim, Desrae and Corrinne. They're smart, they are. I nearly forgot the cowboy, or should I say cowgirl? She yodels you love songs but take no notice, boys. Buck up. Of course, we can't leave out George who is the "King" of the class, especially in brains. Then there's our athlete, Don, who, in the "mile" trotted round the track (or perhaps I had better say "half-way"). It doesn't matter, he's in blue. Oh! and I nearly forgot Graeme. He's Kingia's champion. Good old Kingia.

Well, I'll have to end here. Wishing all Junior and Leaving candidates "best of luck" in the forthcoming exams.



FORM IIF

Let me introduce to you IIF, or as it is better known the zoo of the 2nd years.

As we walk around the clean and tidy zoo we come to Angela. This tall animal is an angel in name but a devil in manner. She's quite an interesting specimen, caught from the great, barren desert of Margaret River. Next we come to the Giddy Goat, a funny thing, quite undecipherable. Elephants are next on the list. Patsy and Lois are their names and just like any other elephants they are usually trumpeting (at the wrong time). Then we meet Betty the Giraffe, who is quite a dear old chap. Next is our Poker-faced Kangaroo, who was caught in the woods in England.

Now we come to the bird section. Lorraine and Val (H) are the love-birds. The talking cocky's name is Wendy. Our one and only Brunswickite is Magpie. Her name is Wendy, too. Buzzing by the two prettiest flowers, Lorrette and Elaine, we find a Bee. Joan and Faye were bred in hot-houses; they're a very delicate type with an unpronounceable name. Our tiger is called Kath and like most tigers is always growling or being growled at. The big Green-Bug is called Thelma. Judy, Lillian and Lorraine, our honey bears, are all quiet and sweet. Jenny, Noel and Jill are kept in a pen by themselves. We haven't classified them yet, but you may be able to guess. Lettuce is our zookeeper and is quite proud of her animals.

We all wish to join heartily with Mary the Magpie in wishing Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck in their approaching exams.

FORM IIIA NOTES

On entering our room, Mr. Evans observes Simpson lying on the floor. He bawls the prefect down for not looking after the insects, etc., which adorn the walls of the room. There is a wriggle from this rare creature on the floor, displaying a shoe plate, so hence he decides it is not an insect. After examining it more closely, he drops it hurriedly, apologising to the insects and saying that he never could tell the difference be-

tween West Australian insects and monkeys.

Our beloved form master, Mr. Evans, sits down and reads a note. "Bee," he says, "have you done that four-page detention yet?"

Bee answers to the affirmative and rips four pages from his assignment book. S.E. reads them and chucks them in the bin, from where Bee retrieves them in due course to use on five or six other teachers.

No one answers to a call of "Any absentees," mainly because no one knows and no one cares. Sid edges towards the door and dashes out, followed uncomfortably close by a surging mob, three deep in places.

While mopping his brow, he studies the characters streaming up the stairs.

Clifton and Klokphase got away to a good start, closely followed by fellow-creatures Bardy and Alley Katt (salvaged from the garbage can). They give the school an air of homeliness—you know—tripping over the dog and then giving it "what for" etc. Mike is limping again. It is only his boosted ego though. Bushie, a rare person, is alleged to suffer from butter-flies in the stomach every time a girl speaks to him. Jenkins and Lucich are a pair who never let

Then comes the brains boasted of among the girls, namely Pam and June. They are followed by those who seem to do the most boasting about it—Marg, Marg and Aud. A quiet, sophisticated group, headed by Lola, comes next. She is followed respectively one after the one before by Pam, June, Kay, Helen and Doreen (Kev for short).

Not so quiet are Pam, Rosslyn and Judy, who always seem to be fighting. No suggesting anything, of course, but the winner always seems to sit next to Krap (Cap.).

More noisily comes Ann (not sure whether it has an "e" or not so we will pronounce it John) and Monty. The former is the little Scotch lass who stole the heart of a red-haired Irish ape at the sports in Perth. Not to be outdone, Monty can turn a dialogue into a monologue with her monotonous gossip.

And so, with Mr. Evans' figure (???) disappearing around a corner, Form IIIA signs off until next year.

IIIB FORM NOTES

"Now, if one or two of you citizens will cast your peepers this way a moment, I will endeavour to go through the actions of writing these form notes." (i.e. a description of the clueless characters with whom we are afflicted.) I feel that I must give a detailed account of some of these specimens.

The Hostel Boys; "Airs", "Bendy", Darnell, Savage, Wilkes, Brockman, "Pup", "Monk", and last (and we do mean last) the renowned Diggins, make their presence felt in no uncertain terms (Stop prodding me, you brute!).

Our notorious prefects, Mavis and Tom, long ago resigned themselves to the fact that it is quite hopeless to attempt to change the morons in this class from what they are to anything else. The latter also excelled on Sports Day by winning that honourable conflict the Junior Mile. (Junior—don't mention it, it frightens me.)

Pearl and Elaine must be congratulated on their performances in the Athletics Carnival. They appear to be the only girls in our class who possess any sporting ability. (Except Mavis, of course!). No one can get much sense out of our Rosalie, she always seems preoccupied somehow, most probably "dreaming, O my darling love of thee!" Widgie and Stew are usually brewing (note the pun) something up, ably assisted by Nita, naturally. (Mr. Cohen, please note alliteration.). Two new recruits are Dinny, the Dutch girl, and MacKenzie, the lady killer.

Geography classes are always a relaxation! What with Colin enquiring if such and such could possibly be the right answer, and John "Ayreing" his views and knowledge of "Joan" of Arc—or somewhere! Rebecca's alarm clock can't be very efficient or else he leaves it an hour slow, however, he manages to arrive at school sometime during the day. Mavis seems to find it rather difficult to control herself during Math's periods and Elaine is always receiving "harsh words" from Mr. Kagi—still it's all entertainment! Beverley, Judy, Coffee, Dominic, Nicky and Gavin, are all guests of our holiday resort—room 13. "Monk", our Romeo, seems to have his eye upon one of our chimps (preferably

Judy) and he is closely followed by Tom, who, however, seems to prefer "outsiders".

At his stage, and in the fitting place, mention should be made of our champion golfer—cricketer—maths expert—second-hand saturated joke retailer and form master (Guess who?). As you may gather, he's good at almost anything, and he is always reminding us (and many others) of this!

Having slandered everyone in the form, and wished the Leaving kids all the luck imaginable, and of ourselves because "I don't care if you don't get your Junior, it's nothing to do with me if you don't do any work or"—but we don't want to fill up the whole Kingia with our notes, so, yours till milk shakes!!
IIIB.

IIIC FORM NOTES

Hail, the scholars! Hail, the brightest class in the school! All hail, IIIC hail, the only class which will have 100 per cent Junior passes (we hope). In fact, a hailstorm for us! Yes, us—the genii of B.H.S.

Having introduced ourselves, we will now proceed to show you the fine material of which we are composed. Firstly, there's Jill. Such a quiet type. Then there are her little friends, Kath and Glenda. (Isn't it strange how English assignments develop family resemblance, girls!?) Also there is (are) Margaret squared, the yappiest yappers who ever yapped. By the way, if you ever want to see really shiny haloes, just take a glance at Rewa's mob.

Then, of the he-male variety, the most outstanding specimens are Lance and Brian. These boys are the most diligent of students (ask Miss Smith). Of course, there are Mervyn and his friend Perkins. The masters are always at waugh with Mervyn. Then there's that great hulking squirt of a Fitch. By golly, that boy's hard on the furniture. The quietest pair are Podge and Georgie. A common conversation in English goes as follows:

"Stop that rot! George, come up to the front desk!"

up, you kids, here comes coo—er—Mr. Davies Moore.” Roll call proceeds in dulcet silence?! Geraldine holds the all-time record for lateness—she was early twice! Baz has been delayed by the Call of the Wild (moose), and Geoff is talking somewhere—“parting is such sweet sorrow.”

“Who let that Doggie in the library? Shucks, it’s Jen!” Congratulations, Jen—for being head girl, NOT for the poodle cut. Here comes Goodie Don—congratulations to you, too, Don.

Roll call begins again. Crasty is still studying form, dreamy Doc murmurs from his slumbers, and Peter Mack has got the Cain.

That cloud of dust (pun) is just Eddie in room F—cleaning the board? The red glow coming from the corner is only Pauline—“Pleeze sir, Eddie’s been . . . ?” Margaret and Ross S. know their maths, so well that they don’t have to stay in, while Annette is still fluttering over Mr. Kagi’s latest funny one. “Oh, Sully, use your hanky next time,” sez, you know—Petter.

Inflation seems to have hit Slug’s pocket—or something?? Peg is our ‘dead’ letter dealer while Margot is the budding April poet. Judy, Glenice W. and Rita must be mentioned as the most industrious members of the class. To Jane and Coral, geography is pretty wet, it’s still a toss up between floods and droughts.

The pre’s. have done a good job with the dances this year—especially the Barn Dance. Among the distinguished personalities present were Miss (?) Christine Dennis, resplendent in a Dior Paris model—1926 vintage, and chooky (in the straw) who almost had a catastrophe when she saw him.

“Have you heard this one, boys . . .” Colin is spouting forth his views on economics, shaving and women, especially the latter; but Swish has more consideration for . . . ? as was shown in his essay written for Mithter Foxth, on this subject. Sweet Annie is again surrounded by males. She seems to attract them like Mey-er Magnat (ugh!).

By the way, why did Tich have to leave his boarding house; he seemed to be getting on all right? We think the garage man should have been called in to see to that ducky (pun) finger. While on the subject of Ducky—Jan seems to like gramophone records, but not in trees!

Guj. seems to have but one ambition in life—to blow up himself and the chem. lab. as soon as possible. Mr. R. J. Graham—Ranga to you, seems to have caught the craze from Jen—that hair style, what a bomb!!

In car driving it seems that Colleen’s manipulation of the wheel resulted in some confusion. Remember, when reversing to the right turn the wheel . . . ?

It was 1.30 a.m. The crystal was quiet, everyone peacefully (?) slept—except Joyce!!!! “I’ve lost me key,” she wailed. “Was it somewhere on the Esplanade, John?”—ain’t love grand!!?

Last, but not least, we wish to welcome John Young to our midst. In closing, we must give our sincere thanks to Mr. Davies-Moore for his much-needed patience and perseverance in dealing with us mob!!!

Gorging and growling or biscuits and tea

They were too busy to heed the plea
The fifth, as their eyes were burning
with hunger

Rushed up the stairs to devour the
plunder.

IV FORM NOTES

So the Kingia comes around again, and hence those infinitely recurring committee members crawl all over us in their puny efforts to extract this twaddle from our weary minds. However, many people seem to soak it up so we suppose we must write.

Among the more refined members of our form we have Normie. This poor chap, so we thought, was suffering from a delusion from disappearing rulers. The fact was that our celebrated scientist, Ratlike, was making exhaustive tests on the elasticity of wood. The trouble was that the rulers seemed to break before the final tests were completed.

Poor Jan is always being viciously satirised by our fair (?) minded English master. Pat also represents the "pork chop in the synagogue" when in English.

For the love of Mike, Vima sits next to him in class.

We have, of course, certain mechanical fiends, named Keefy and Mick T. These unfortunate boys have to abuse their delicate torsos when fixing lockers.

Anne S. and Yvonne display the more placid side of female native as compared to Mary and Boney Joany.

Our humour is displayed in great quantities. Tichbon is the master of "wet" humour. His puns emerge consistently during geography. Joan has also acquired a sense of tortoise-pace "wet" wit. But Jack is the finest exponent—after a long weekend he returns loaded with humour (source unknown) which he skillfully applies to some unfortunate bystander.

Choc is our geography master's pet. This lark-larynxed lover boy is just the cure for lovesick Belles.

We don't hear much of Frog but we suppose he H-ears plenty.

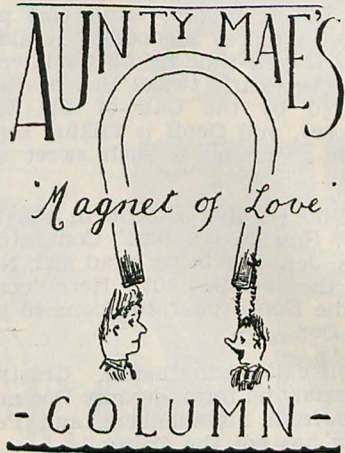
Alf and Martha, newcomers to our class and country, seem to have a better idea of our language than we have.

Les Duncan is a steady chap, who, believe it or not, is very much controlled by a beautiful blonde in second year.

In the bandit brigade we have Coop, who can adjust himself to enjoy and suit any occasion or company.

The woman haters' section is well represented by Jack and Jim. They have both, so far, lived up to their titles, but no doubt human nature will catch up with them sooner or later.

Well, so ends a long and dry array of uninspired form notes, but—fourth years monopolise the Kingia, so we took advantage of what we hope we will not have again. In closing we should like to wish the best of luck to all Leaving candidates next year.



Dear Aunty Mae,

I am a real problem child, and feel I need some of your assistance. Perhaps it was because I was reared in that tough town of Busselton, but every boy I know I fight with, and consequently don't get any dates. By the way, I'm a beautiful person, with black hair and bright blue eyes. I am desperate, please help me to get a boy friend, because, after all, the ball isn't so far away, is it? Incidentally, busbees are my idols.

GANGSTER GRANDMA.

Dear Gangster Grandma,

Seeing that you seem such a perfect person, I'll say (stealing one of your phrases) "mits off" those busbees. As an adviser, I can offer you two alternatives, one, shoot yourself, or, better still, two, jump over the balcony. But whichever one you choose, I advise you to book ahead at the undertakers (and what an undertaking!) because these days they are sometimes rushed.

Hoping you'll do as suggested.

AUNTY MAE.



Dear Aunty Mae,

I am a blossoming fourth year girl, and have had so many offers for picture and dancing dates, that life has become quite tedious, and also a problem, because I already have a "steady" in my home town. I don't know whether to give them all up or to continue to play the field and string them all along. Please could you help me?

BASHFUL BLOSSOM FROM
BEAUTIFUL (??) BUSSELTON.

Dear Bashful Blossom,

After considering your letter, I've come to the conclusion that you'll either have to turn Green, or change from a Mac to a Mic! But I must warn you, do not get mashed up over this affair. I believe choc. is a good remedy for lovesick bells.

Yours helpfully,
AUNTY MAE.

★ ★ ★

Dear Aunty Mae,

There is a certain girl in the school who flatters the fourth year boys by continually throwing loving glances at us. Although we lap up flattery from cute little pieces, we do not at all appreciate it from this Madame. It does not look like ceasing, so would you please forward some particulars on "Pleasant Suicide."

"HADDIT."

Dear Haddit,

Your best plan would be to leave the town or coax the Madame to change her affections. I know of no "Pleasant Suicide" unless the chem. master would oblige with some cyanide, but do not take such action until the situation is beyond control.

AUNTY MAE.

★ ★ ★

Dear Aunty Mae,

We are two beautiful fourth year girls (anyway, we think we are) but we just can't land a man.

We must be using bad bait because even though we have cultivated delightful giggles, and even though we parade in front of a whole cadet corps while doing P.T. (being the favourites) they just won't bite.

Please can you help us. A school dance is coming off soon, and it does get boring being a wall flower.

Yours in anticipation,

BEAUTIFUL BROWN EYES AND
FISHHOOK.

P.S.: Have we chosen the wrong fishing spots or should we change our sport?

Dear Beautiful Brown Eyes and
Fishhook,

My only suggestion is that you are using the wrong bait. Cakes, milk bars, etc., are the best bait for the male species. If this change of bait does not work, I advise you to bribe the M.C. at the next dance and have numerous ladies' choices.

Best of luck.

AUNTY MAE.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS

"Let us get back to our sheep."
Jack and Frog.

"The great unwashed."
First Years.

"The air broke into a miss with bells."
Ten to Four.

"Who knows, but the world may end tonight?"
P.McA.

"Who's your fat friend?"
M. Klas.

"Some said 'Jack, print it'; others said, 'Not so'; some said, 'It might do good'; others said, 'No.'"

Kingia.

"They laid their lean books with
the fat of others' works."

Prac. Books.

"Fools are my theme, let satire be
my song."

Proud owner of a new Holden.

'Done to death by slanderous
tongues."

Madame.

"The loud laugh that spoke the
vacant mind."

M.M. 2B.

"Where fourth years talk with
looks profound,

And jokes much older than their
toast go round."

Craig House.

"Be not afeared, the gym. is full
of noises. A thousand twangling in-
struments do hum about thine ears."

School Band.

"He holds him with a glittering
eye the back seat boy sat still."

Mr. Davies-Moore.

"Slight was the touch, but it chill-
ed to the bone."

3/3 for the Kingia.

"Methinks I'll have some chat with
her."

Distant prospects on
leaving the Hostel.

"He gazed, he saw; he knew the
face of beauty, and the form of
grace."

First Year Love.

"Behold! A great man am I!"

Maths. Master.

"To be, or not to be."

Junior and Leaving Students.

"O gift of God! O perfect day!"

Sports Day.

E. Hoare, the former gaining fastest
time for B.H.S.

A third event in which they swam
well was the Macfarlane Cup in
which they came third. The team
was: T. Green, R. Hitchcock, R.
Smith and M. Merritt, T. Green be-
ing beaten by 0.8 seconds for fastest
time in the State.

Perhaps the best effort of the team
was its second in the Secretary's Cup,
for boys under 18, the B.H.S. boys
were all under 16 years of age, but
were only beaten by a touch by
Eastern Goldfields High School who
set a new record for the event. This
team was: T. Green, L. Smith, B.
Repacholi, R. Smith.

These successes are all the more
worthy of pride because they were
gained in competition with Colleges
and High Schools throughout the
State, and a place in every event was
a fine performance by the boys.

The girls also sent up teams: R.
Hanley, P. Runham, M. Reed, N.
Lloyd, R. Davidson, N. Morrissey, M.
Bellett, B. Bain, I. Ashenden, C.
Bryce and H. Gordon making the
trip, but though they tried hard they
did not gain a placing. Our thanks
are due to Mr. Gravenall, Mr. Pres-
ton and Miss Taylor for their work
in preparing the teams.

SUMMER DAYS AGAIN

Surfing days are here again.
Bathing starts in brightening
weather.

Hear the noise of Jan and Jane,
As they get their togs together,
Tommy rushes here and there
Hanging to the skirts of Mater,
Wants an apple or a pear,
But is told to wait till later.
Hamper packed with fruit and cake,
Sandwiches and lemonade;
Mother shouts: "For goodness sake,
Don't forget the new sunshade."
Jimmy romps and yells with glee,
Alan cuts a funny caper.
Father smokes his pipe and grunts,
"Don't forget the Sunday paper."
Off to catch the bus at last,
With a step that's light and snappy,
When the joyous day is past
Home again—all tired, but happy.

LIFE-SAVING

The school was well represented
for the second year in succession at
the Royal Life-Saving State Cham-
pionship Carnival held in Claremont
Baths last March, and two cups won
by the boys now adorn the library
mantelpiece, the Cosson Cup and the
Connolly Cup.

T. Green, B. Repacholi, L. Smith
and M. Merritt comprised the team
that won the Cosson Cup, breaking
the record by about four seconds,
and the boys' under 14 team that
won the Connolly Cup consisted of
R. Smith, M. Paddick, M. Junk and

